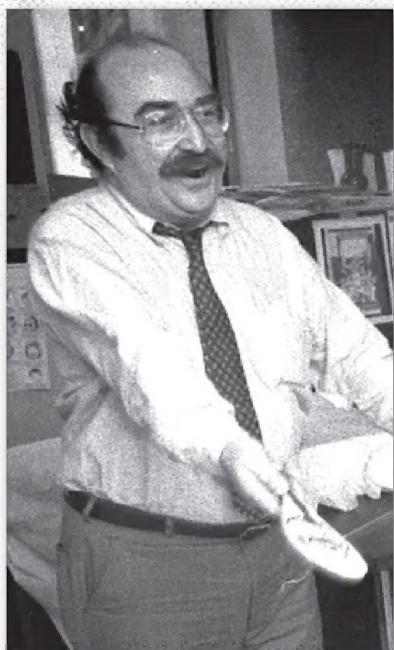


the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



MIKE HOBSON

1936–2020



PHOTOS COURTESY OF ELIOT R. BROWN



Last month, longtime Marvel Comics Publisher Mike Hobson passed away. In remembrance of his life and work, Mike's friend and colleague Tom DeFalco, former Marvel Editor in Chief, shared his memories of the Marvel luminary.

Many are the unsung heroes of the comic book industry. These people are the hidden giants who work behind the scenes — without credit, fanfare or fame — but are essential to the creation of your comics. They are people like Mike Hobson.

As a supervisor at Marvel, Mike was the greatest. He encouraged initiative, listened with an open mind and always supported his people. He rarely raised his voice and had a near-magical way of defusing tense situations. (Mixing creative people with those from marketing, sales or accounting is usually a recipe for disaster.)

Mike defined the word “gentleman.” He was refined and soft-spoken, had an infectious laugh and was an intriguing conversationalist, well-versed in a variety of subjects. He knew the best restaurants, the tastiest dishes, the most flavorful wines and the finest hotels. An invitation to dine with Mike was always a treasured event. He was the adult we all wanted to be when we grew up.

Whenever I think of Mike, two occasions spring to mind. One is the very first time Marvel sent me on a business trip by myself. Mike asked to see me before I left. I went to his office with pen and pad, expecting some last-minute business instructions. Instead, he told me to make sure I made lunch and dinner reservations and gave me a list of restaurants.

I also recall sitting in my office one afternoon when a furious Mike burst in.

“Do you know what those two idiots are doing?” He asked.

“Which two idiots?” I responded.

Mike glared at me for a moment and then suddenly exploded in unrestrained laughter. He actually fell into my couch, and it took him several minutes to regain control. It seems two of my editors had stuck a fishing pole out our seventh-floor window with an old Milky Way for bait and were trolling for passersby. While Mike could appreciate the humor in the situation, he felt our editors needed to adhere to a higher standard of professionalism. That was Mike.

Mike Hobson was my boss and my friend. He will be missed.

Tom DeFalco
November 2020



PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called...

The Amazing

SPIDER-MAN

Previously...

Using the Sin-Eater, Kindred cleansed many villains of their sins, including Norman Osborn, the Green Goblin. The defeat of the Sin-Eater returned those sins to the villains, except the Goblin. With this new shot at life, Norman revealed a secret: Kindred is actually Norman's son, Harry Osborn.

Harry has been tormenting his old pal Peter Parker as punishment for Peter's "sins." The torment ended when Norman trapped Kindred in a Darkforce cage constructed by Kingpin. Norman asked Peter to help reform his son, but Peter refused.

While Spidey was dealing with all this, someone unexpected showed up at Aunt May's doorstep, pleading for help. It was Martin Li, the benevolent alter ego of the deadly crime boss **Mr. Negative!**

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NICK LOWE | editor C.B. CEBULSKI | editor in chief

SPIDER-MAN created by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO

NEGATIVE SPACE PART ONE

THERE'S
NO GETTING
AROUND IT.
THESE LAST
FEW DAYS?

I'VE
BEEN TO HELL
AND BACK.
SCRATCH
THAT--

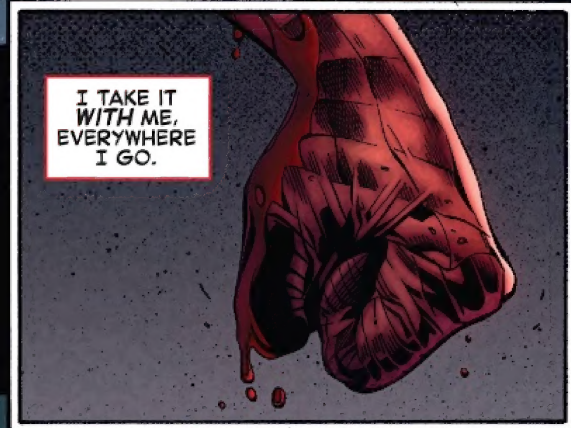
--I'M NOT
BACK AT ALL.
NOW IT'S JUST
ALL AROUND ME.

I TAKE IT
WITH ME,
EVERYWHERE
I GO.

MY SINS ARE
ALL JUST
LINGERING--

--LIKE OLD
GHOSTS,
HAUNTING
ME.

NO, NOT
GHOSTS--



--DEMONS.

AND
IT'S TIME
I FACED
THEM.

COME
ON,
THEM--



I SAID,
COME
ON!!!

RRRAAAAAAGGGHHH!!



AND I GET THIS
MIGHT LOOK LIKE
PROTECTION,
BUT I PROMISE--



--IT'S ALL
CONNECTED.

EARLIER.

MARTIN,
PLEASE--YOU
NEED TO EAT. GET
YOUR STRENGTH
BACK UP.

AFTER
EVERYTHING
I'VE DONE TO YOU--
I DON'T *DESERVE*
THIS KINDNESS,
MAY.

HELP ISN'T
SOMETHING THE
NEEDY *EARN*, MARTIN.
IT'S SOMETHING
THEY ARE
OWED.

F.E.A.S.T. PROJECT

I FIRST
HEARD
THAT FROM
YOU.

HH. I SAID
MANY THINGS.
MOST OF THEM
LIES.

I OPENED
THIS PLACE TO
HIDE THE OTHER
SIDE OF ME FROM
THE WORLD.
WHILE *MARTIN LI*
PLAYED
SAVIOR--

"--MR.
NEGATIVE
GREW IN
POWER."

IT WASN'T ALL A *RUSE*, MARTIN.
THE F.E.A.S.T. CENTER DID A LOT
OF GOOD FOR THIS COMMUNITY.
THAT'S WHY I'VE WORKED SO
HARD TO GET IT BACK UP
AND RUNNING.

AND NOW
HERE I AM,
PUTTING ALL
THAT IN
JEOPARDY.

NONSENSE.



YOU
NEED FOOD AND
SHELTER. THIS
IS MY JOB.

BUT, MARTIN,
IT MIGHT DO SOME
GOOD IF YOU EXPLAINED A
BIT MORE CLEARLY WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO YOU. WHEN
YOU TRIED TO TELL ME
EARLIER, YOU WERE
A BIT--

DISORIENTED.
YES.

"I FEEL LIKE
I'VE EMERGED
FROM A YEARS-
LONG FOG."

"I HAD LONG
AGO GIVEN UP
TRYING TO FIGHT
THE *NEGATIVE*
SIDE OF ME."

"I TOLD
MYSELF I HAD
LEARNED TO
ACCEPT THE
BALANCE--

--BUT THE RESULT
WAS MERELY
SUBSERVENCE.

"I REMAINED
BURIED IN HIS PSYCHE
NEARLY ALL THE TIME,
GROWING WEAKER
BY THE DAY--



--UNTIL I SAW HIM.
THE SIN-EATER,
'CLEANSING'
VARIOUS CRIMINALS
AROUND THE CITY.

"I REALIZED
THIS WAS MY
CHANCE."



"IT TOOK EVERYTHING
I HAD, BUT I MANAGED
TO REGAIN CONTROL AND
APPROACH HIM. I DIDN'T
SUCCEED THE FIRST
TIME, BUT EVENTUALLY--



--IT
WORKED.



"WHEN I AWOKE, I
FINALLY KNEW THE
PEACE I'D SOUGHT
FOR SO LONG.



"I HAD
NOTHING AND
I LOVED IT.



"BUT THE HAPPINESS
WAS NOT TO LAST
LONG. AND WHATEVER
THE SIN-EATER DID--



"--ITS EFFECTS
WERE ONLY
TEMPORARY.



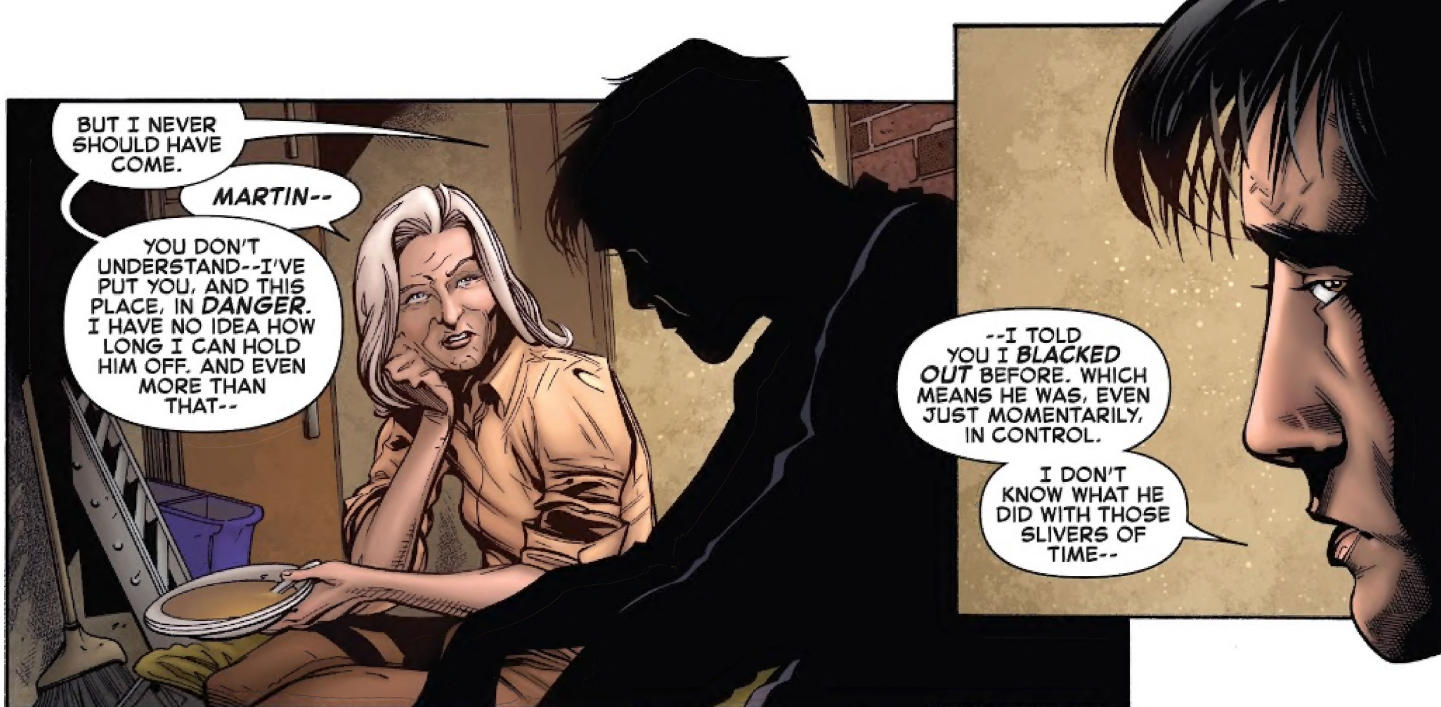
"AS SOON AS HE
RETURNED, I FELT HIM
FIGHTING TO TAKE
CONTROL AGAIN.

"I BLACKED OUT MORE THAN
ONCE, BUT SOMEHOW, I WAS
ABLE TO CAST HIM BACK OUT.
I HAVE NO IDEA HOW--PERHAPS
DUE TO THE UNIQUE NATURE
OF OUR EXISTENCE.



"AT ANY RATE,
I WAS FREE
ONCE MORE.

"AT LEAST LONG
ENOUGH TO
MAKE IT HERE."



BUT I NEVER SHOULD HAVE COME.

MARTIN--

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--I'VE PUT YOU, AND THIS PLACE, IN **DANGER**. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I CAN HOLD HIM OFF. AND EVEN MORE THAN THAT--

--I TOLD YOU I **BLACKED OUT** BEFORE. WHICH MEANS HE WAS, EVEN JUST MOMENTARILY, IN CONTROL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DID WITH THOSE SLIVERS OF TIME--



"--OR WHAT **TRAP** HE HAS SET FOR ME."





THANKS FOR SEEING ME ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE, LIZ.

DON'T MENTION IT, PETE. IT'S GOOD TO CATCH UP--IT'S BEEN TOO LONG. BUT THEN, I'VE BEEN SWAMPED WITH THE DAY-TO-DAY AT ALCHEMAX, AND YOU'VE BEEN--

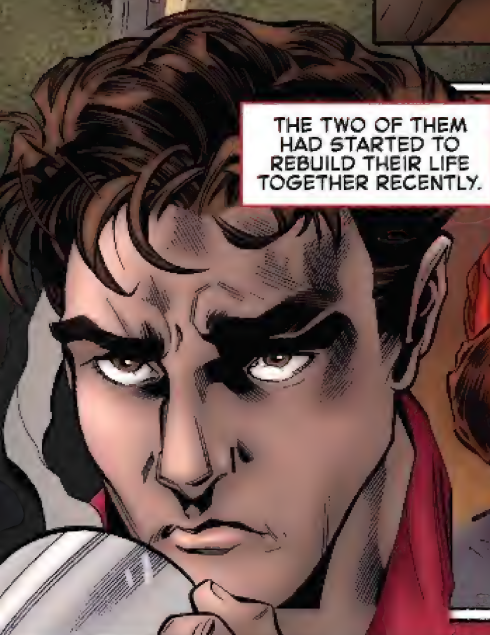
WAIT, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

THIS AND THAT...

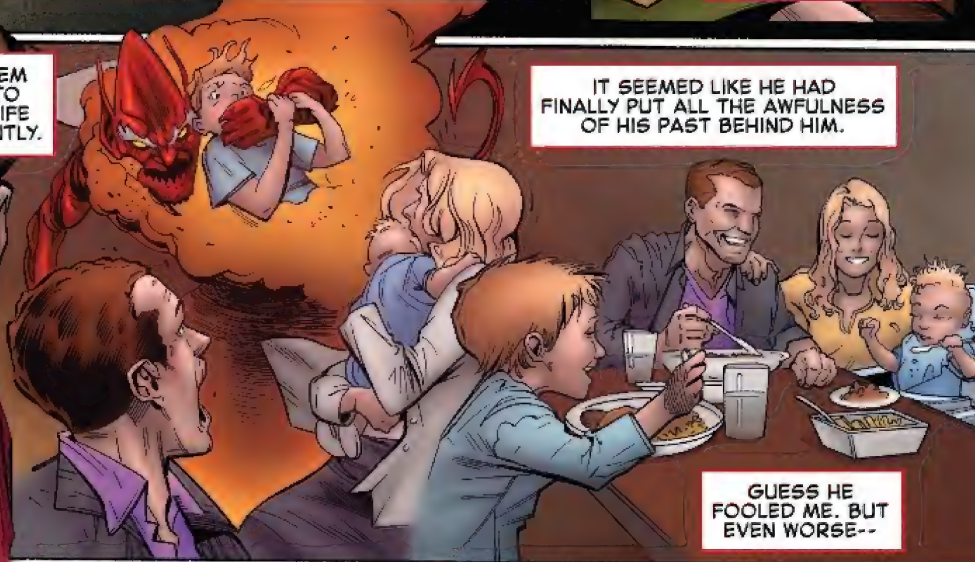
WELL, REGARDLESS...

HARRY'S GONNA BE FURIOUS HE MISSED YOU.

NO IDEA. FIVE MINUTES WITH LIZ ALLAN, AND IT WAS OBVIOUS--SHE HAD NO IDEA WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HARRY OSBORN.

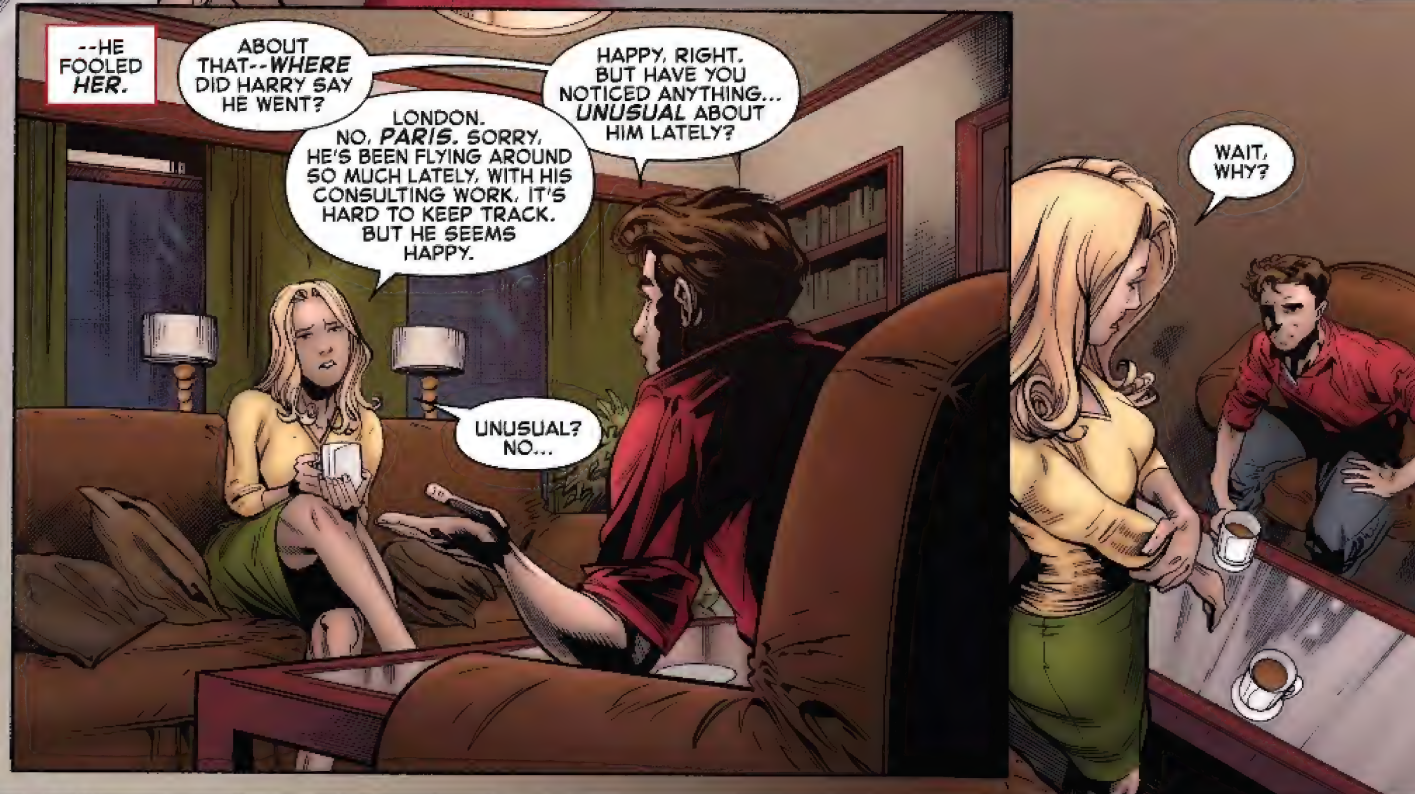


THE TWO OF THEM HAD STARTED TO REBUILD THEIR LIFE TOGETHER RECENTLY.



IT SEEMED LIKE HE HAD FINALLY PUT ALL THE AWFULNESS OF HIS PAST BEHIND HIM.

GUESS HE FOOLED ME. BUT EVEN WORSE--



--HE FOOLED HER.

ABOUT THAT--WHERE DID HARRY SAY HE WENT?

LONDON. NO, PARIS. SORRY, HE'S BEEN FLYING AROUND SO MUCH LATELY, WITH HIS CONSULTING WORK. IT'S HARD TO KEEP TRACK. BUT HE SEEMS HAPPY.

HAPPY, RIGHT. BUT HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING... UNUSUAL ABOUT HIM LATELY?

UNUSUAL? NO...

WAIT, WHY?



LIZ--
YOU MIGHT
WANNA *SIT*
BACK FOR
THIS...

AND SO I
TELL HER.

OR AT LEAST,
I *TRY* TO TELL HER
AS MUCH AS I CAN,
CONSIDERING WHAT
SHE CAN'T KNOW
ABOUT *ME*. HER
RESPONSE--WELL...



...IT SHOULDN'T HAVE
SURPRISED ME.

YOU'RE
LYING.



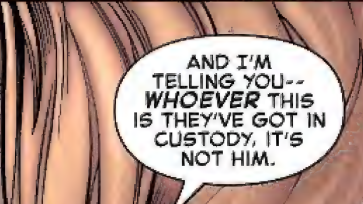
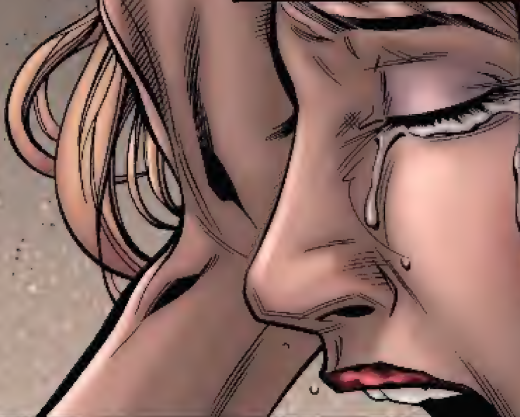
I WISH I *WERE*, LIZ. BUT--IT'S *TRUE*.
HE'S HAD SOME KIND OF RELAPSE.
WORSE THAN EVER.

NO, THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE.
LISTEN
TO ME--



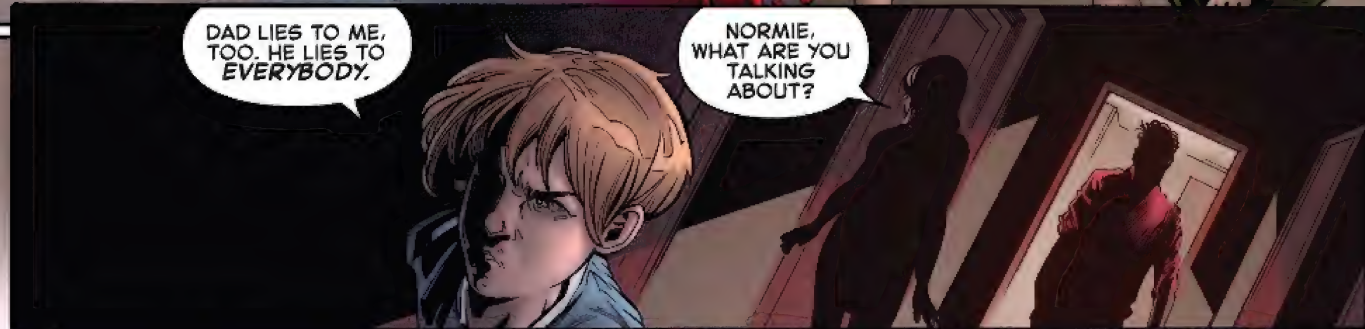
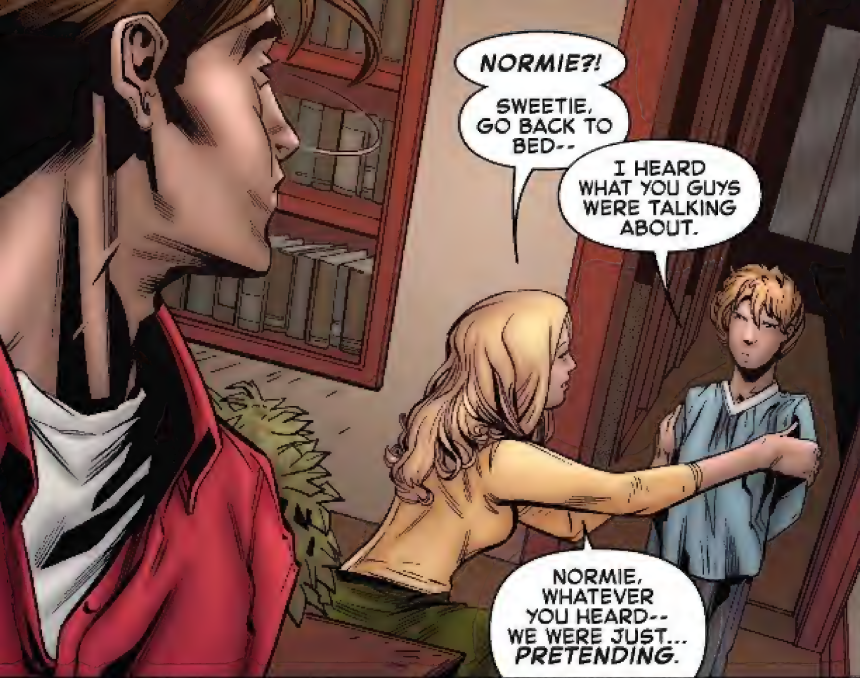
YOU THINK I'M NOT
CONSTANTLY ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR SOME
WARNING SIGN
OF THIS EXACT
THING?

I *HAVE*
TO BE. ALL THE
TIME. IF ONLY
FOR THE KIDS'
SAKE.



AND I'M
TELLING YOU--
WHOEVER THIS
IS THEY'VE GOT IN
CUSTODY, IT'S
NOT HIM.

THAT'S
NOT TRUE,
MOM.





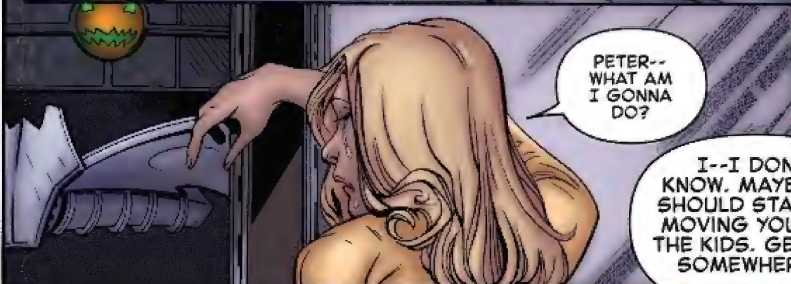
OH
GOD,
NO.

AND THERE IT WAS. IF I
HAD LINGERING DOUBTS
ABOUT HARRY'S STATE, THE
REALITY WAS STARING
RIGHT BACK AT ME.



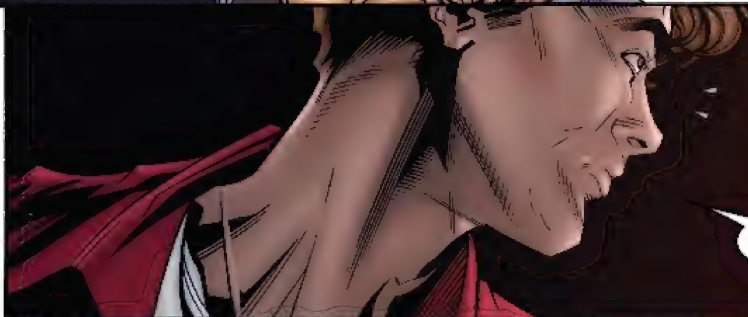
EVEN STILL, IT
DIDN'T MAKE SENSE.
HARRY WASN'T
BECOMING THE
GOBLIN AGAIN.

SO WHY WOULD HE
HAVE THE GOBLIN'S
ARSENAL AT THE
READY?



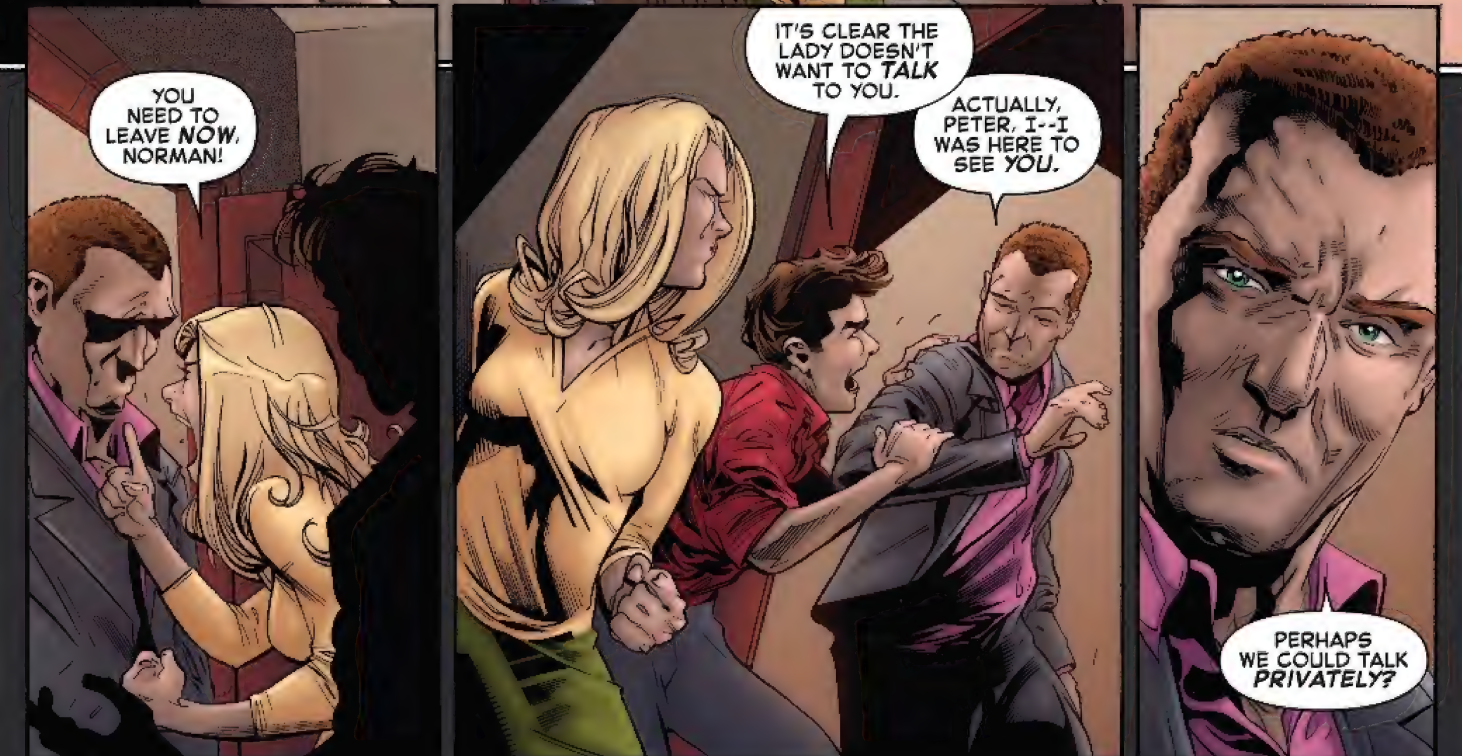
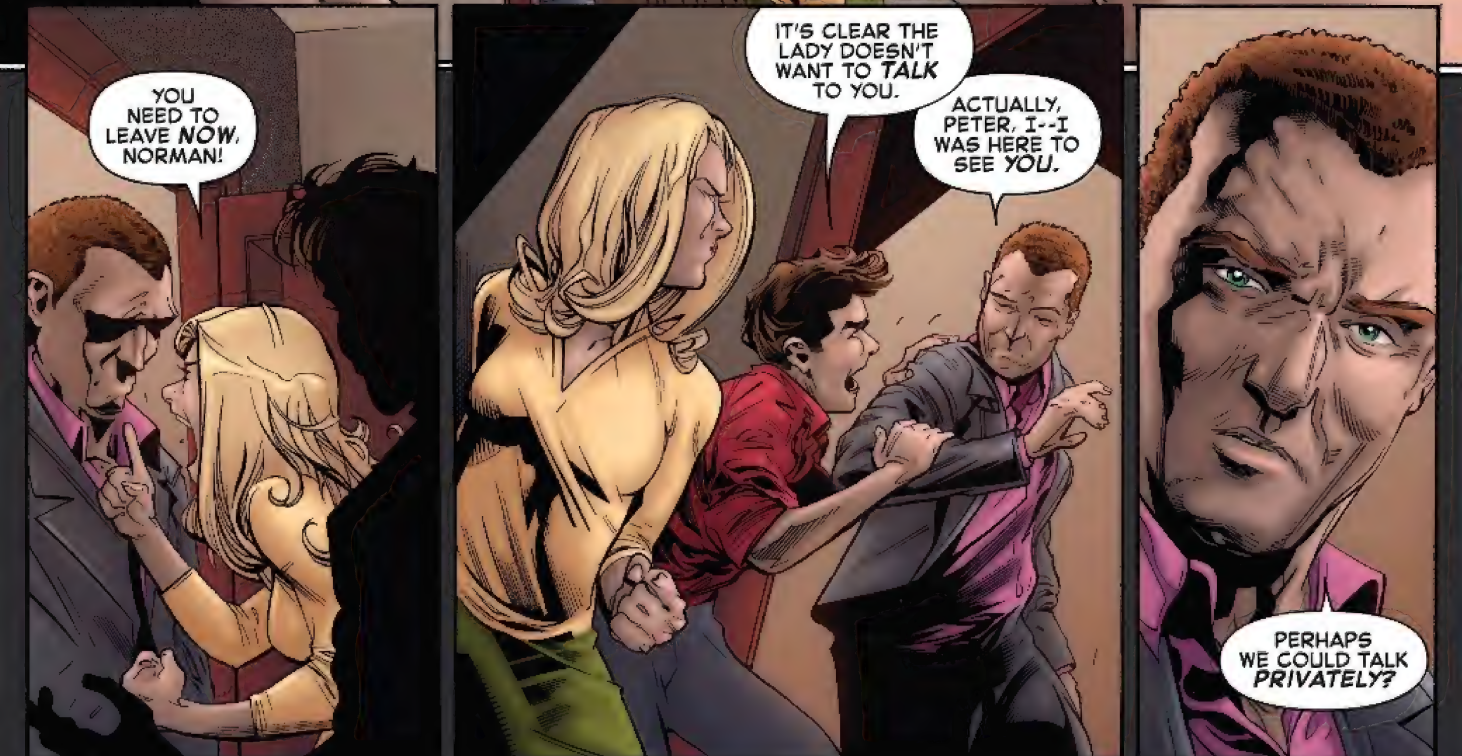
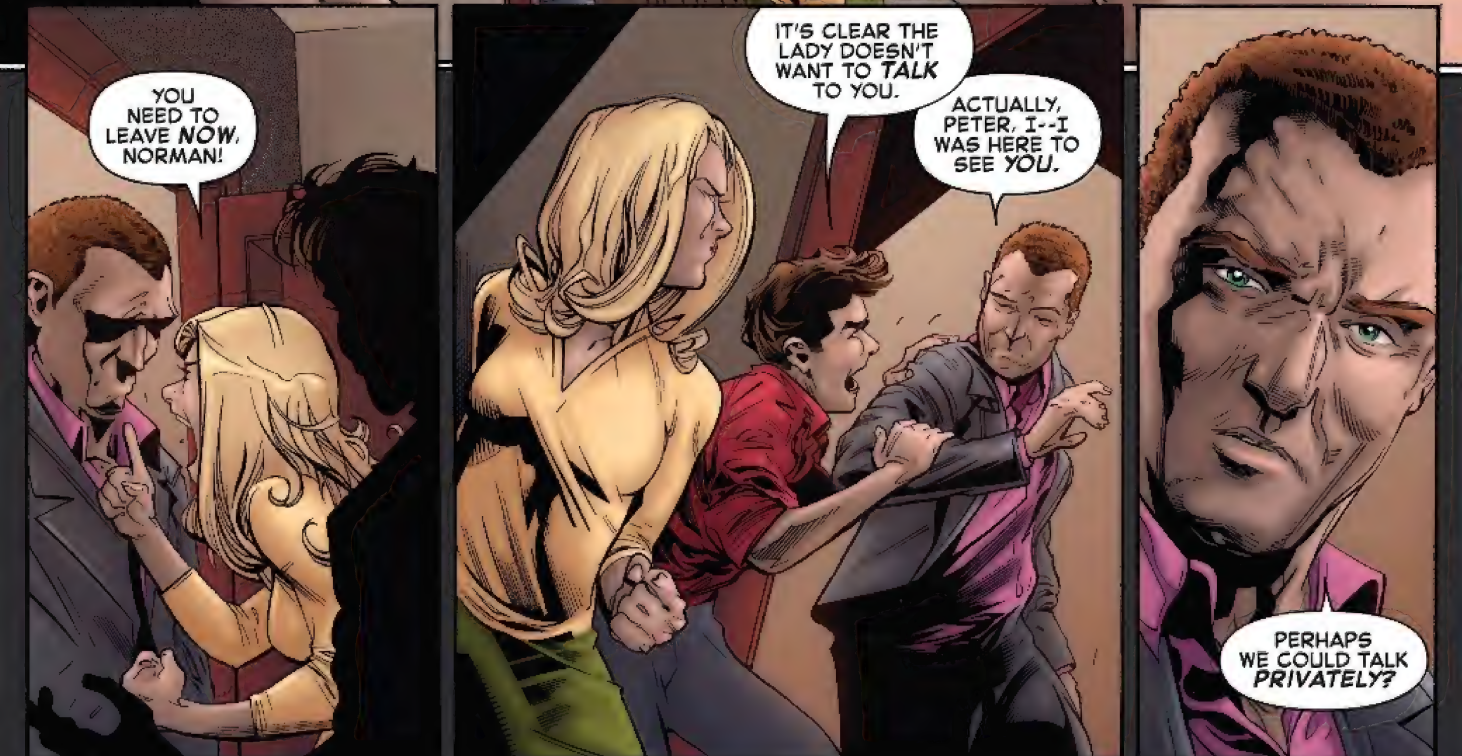
PETER--
WHAT AM
I GONNA
DO?

I--I DON'T
KNOW. MAYBE WE
SHOULD START BY
MOVING YOU AND
THE KIDS. GET YOU
SOMEWHERE--



--SAFE.

**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**





THIS PRIVATE ENOUGH FOR YOU, OSBORN?! HOW DID YOU EVEN KNOW I WAS *HERE*?

I HAVE THE RESIDENCE UNDER PROTECTIVE SURVEILLANCE.

PROTECTIVE. I BET.



I COULD *SWEAR* I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM ME AND *EVERYONE* I CARE ABOUT! THAT INCLUDES *THOSE* PEOPLE IN *THERE*-- WHOSE LIVES YOU HAVE *ALREADY* DAMAGED *ENOUGH*.

I--I UNDERSTAND, PETER. AND PLEASE KNOW--I AM DOING MY BEST TO HONOR YOUR WISHES. BUT THIS COULDN'T WAIT.

IT INVOLVES SOMEONE YOU LOVE.



I ALREADY TOLD YOU, NORMAN-- I AM *DONE* TRYING TO HELP HARRY.

PETER, IF THAT WERE TRUE--



--WHY ARE YOU *HERE*?

I...

THINK ABOUT THAT LATER--THAT'S NOT WHO I'M REFERRING TO.

AS YOU KNOW, I WORK FOR *WILSON FISK* NOW.

YEAH. IT'S THE LINKEDIN OF MY WORST NIGHTMARES.

WELL, JUST NOW HE WAS AT *RAVENCROFT* CHECKING IN ON HARRY--



"--WHERE I MANAGED
TO OVERHEAR HIM
DISCUSSING AN
IMPENDING ATTACK.

"SOMETHING AN
ORGANIZED CRIME
FAMILY WAS BEING
PERMITTED TO CARRY OUT
THIS VERY EVENING."



AN
ATTACK?
WHERE?

THAT'S
JUST IT--
IT'S A SHELTER
DOWNTOWN. THE
F.E.A.S.T.
CENTER.

ISN'T
THAT RUN
BY **MAY**
PARKER?

OH GOD--
AUNT
MAY!!!



LIZ!!!
LIZ, I'LL--
I'LL BE BACK
AS SOON AS
I CAN!



THOOM!

WHAT--
WHAT WAS
THAT?

I FEEL HIS
PRESENCE.

HE'S
HERE.

"MY SINS
LINGER JUST
OUTSIDE THESE
WALLS.

"HE CIRCLES AROUND
THIS BUILDING,
DESPERATE TO FIND
ME. BUT LIKE SO
MANY EVIL SPIRITS--"

--HE CANNOT
ENTER A HOLY
PLACE.

WELL, I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT ALL *THAT*--BUT IF
HE CAN'T GET IN, THEN
YOU'RE GOING TO STAY
RIGHT HERE.

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND, MAY.
NEGATIVE MAY NOT
BE ABLE TO--

"--BUT HIS
VESSELS
CAN."

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME HERE.

YOU HAVE TO HIDE, MAY.

"I WON'T LET A BUNCH OF COMMON CRIMINALS TAKE IT FROM ME WITHOUT A FIGHT."

NO CHANCE, I'M AFRAID. I JUST GOT THIS PLACE BACK UP AND RUNNING.

TASH

KSH

PNGH

KRASH

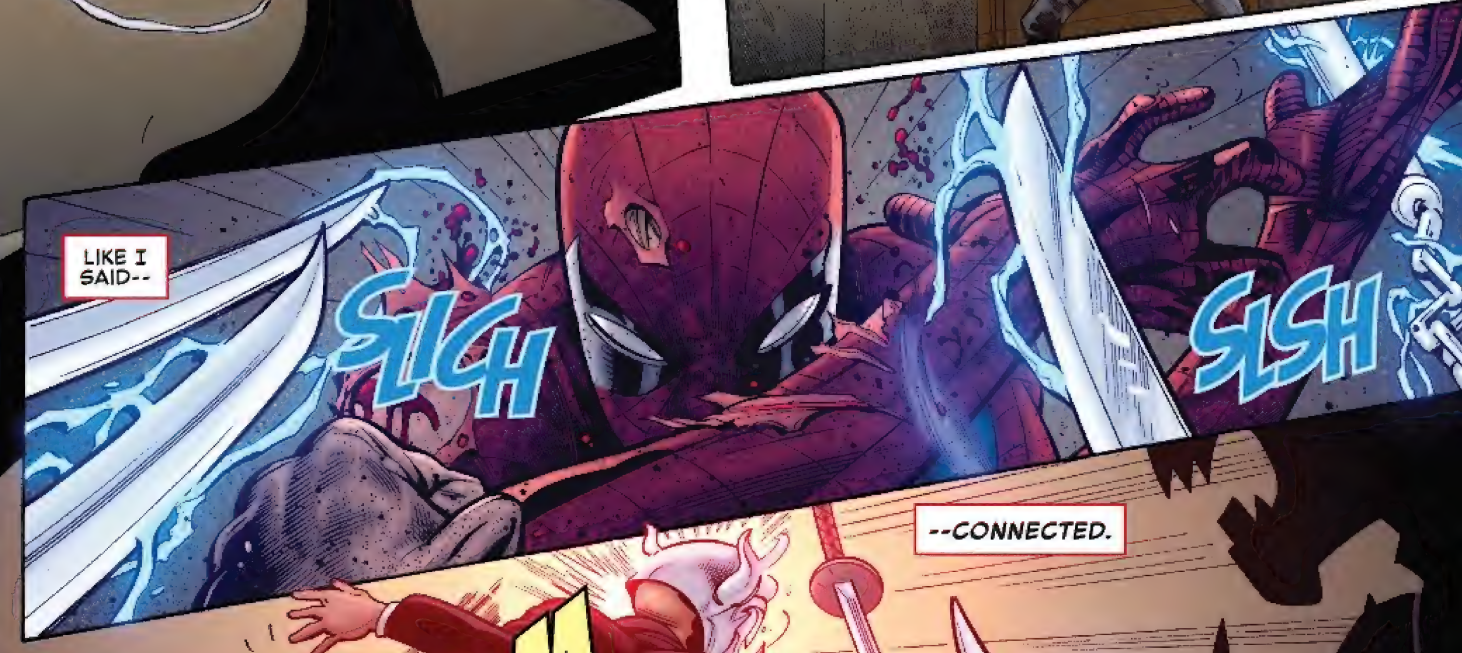
PASH

UTILITY ROOM

KRAM

GET BACK, MAY. I'LL BE THE ONE TO DO THE--

--FIGHTING?



AND SURE, YOU'D THINK
FACING OFF AGAINST DOZENS
OF NEARLY INDESTRUCTIBLE
CRIMINALS WOULD BE MY
WORST NIGHTMARE RIGHT
NOW. THEN AGAIN--

SNUTCH

--YOU MIGHT BE
SURPRISED.

SLUTCH

YOU KNOW,
I ALMOST
FORGOT HOW HARD
YOU GUYS ARE
TO HURT.

NORMALLY,
THAT WOULD BE
A PROBLEM. BUT
RIGHT NOW? THE
WEEK I'M HAVING?!
FELLAS--

--THAT'S
JUST WHAT
I NEED!!!

HEY--



--WE ALL NEED
SOMETHING,
RIGHT?



DO YOU
REMEMBER
THAT DAY,
"KINDRED"?

BECAUSE
I DO.
I THINK OF IT
OFTEN.



"THE GUIDES
TOOK ME DEEP INTO
THE CATACOMBS
OF PARIS.

"THEY WARNED ME OF
THE DANGERS, BUT I
PAID HANDSOMELY
ENOUGH FOR THEM TO
STILL ESCORT ME...



"THEN
THEY PAID,
AS WELL.



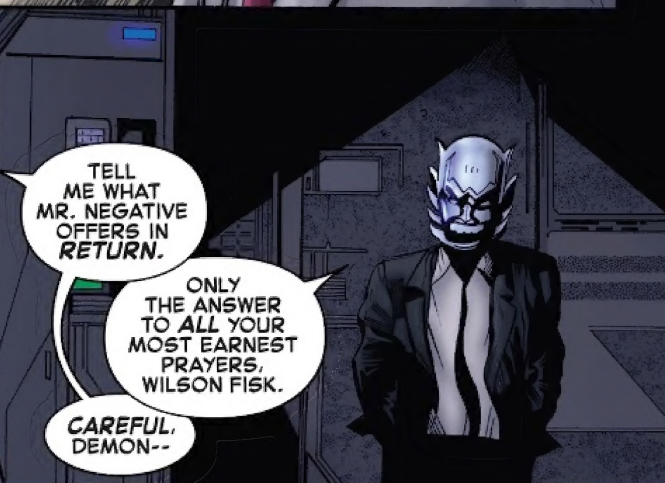
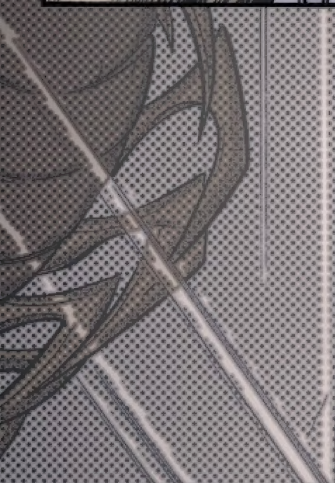
"I WAS BROKEN, IN
EXILE, AND I FELL
TO MY KNEES,
BEGGING YOU--



"AND THEN YOU
SMILED UPON
ME. YOU SMILED
AND SAID--"



NO.



TO BE
CONTINUED!

NEXT:



Issue #59

Let us know how we're doing! Drop us a line at SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM!
Be sure to mark it "Okay to print"!